


**THE
CAPE COD
PAGEANT**

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

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THE
PAGEANT OF CAPE COD

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON
MASTER OF THE PAGEANT

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ON THE BANKS OF THE CAPE COD CANAL
NEAR THE VILLAGE OF BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS
AUGUST 15, 17, 18, 19, 1914

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C3L3
1916

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The Pageant of Cape Cod

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Foreword

The Pageant of Cape Cod is one of a series of Pageants of the New Country Life, the others being Thetford, Vermont, 1911; St. Johnsbury, Vermont, 1912; Meriden, New Hampshire, 1913; and Darien, Connecticut, 1913. The present pageant is an attempt to mirror and to stimulate the unification of this far-flung community of many towns as it rises to meet the exceptionally great possibilities of the near future.

The Pageant of Cape Cod is a magnificent out-door presentation of the drama that lies in the history and life of this community from the time of the landing of Bartholomew Gosnold and the naming of the Cape in 1602. It leads up through a comprehensive view of the development of the Cape during the past three hundred years to a vision of its future. This is based on beginnings already made for the further development of the resources of the Cape under the guidance of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and the United States Department of Agriculture. The effort has been to work out the Pageant in thorough harmony with the spirit, the purposes and the methods of these institutions. The proceeds of the Pageant will be placed in the hands of the Cape Cod Board of Trade, for use in this development work with the ultimate purpose of making Cape Cod the most unanimous, the most prosperous and the most progressive community in the East.

The Pageant-Drama consists of fifteen scenes on land and water, in which all the arts are used to produce a varied but clearly unified community drama. It has been written on the principle that dramatically, musically and visually, the Pageant is a distinct and individual art-form, and not merely a series of historic episodes illuminated by incidental music and accidental beauty.

The Pageant Grounds are on the banks of the Cape Cod Canal at the south side of the Bourne Bridge. A rise of ground covered with

the hardy pines characteristic of the Cape frames in the pageant field on one side and the Canal flows by on the other.

The realistic episodes of the Pageant of Cape Cod are historically either correct or typical. A certain freedom has been exercised, however, in presenting the material for dramatic effectiveness. In many instances the language of the dialogue is in the actual words of the person speaking. It has seemed, however, inadvisable to indicate these passages by quotation marks on account of the frequent necessity for making slight changes, omissions or additions in the wording to suit the situation as represented. So also certain omissions have been deemed advisable in the performance which it has not seemed necessary to indicate in the printed book of the Pageant.

W. C. L.

The Episodes of the Pageant

I. INTRODUCTION: THE FORMATION OF THE CAPE.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------|
| 1. Bartholomew Gosnold | 1602 |
| 2. The Pilgrims on the Cape | 1620 |
| 3. The Early Quakers | 1657 |

II. INTERLUDE: THE DREAM OF THE CANAL.

- | | |
|--|------|
| 4. Strangers and Pirates in the Offing | 1717 |
| 5. The Barnstable County Court | 1774 |
| 6. The Bombardment of Falmouth | 1814 |

III. INTERLUDE: THE STORM.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| 7. The Commerce of the Seas | 1851 |
| 8. The War of the North and South | 1864 |
| 9. The Contented Life | 1890-1900 |

IV. INTERLUDE: FORTUNE.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| 10. The New Cape | 1915-1920 |
|------------------|-----------|

V. FINALE: THE GLORY OF AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION

The Formation of the Cape

The chief musical motif of the Pageant, the motif of the Life-Saver, sounds clear and strong from the full orchestra, proclaiming the power that conserves all life. As this is still ringing over the waters, there follows in the orchestra the sound of the open sea surging over the world. From one side sweep forward a mass of Ocean Waves, young men and women clad in the colors of the deep sea water, surging across the open in successive tidal movements.

Then there comes to meet them another mass of waves, the Waters of the Bay, clad in the lighter colors of the more shallow coastal waters. The two groups in tidal motion surge up toward each other. As they meet they toss their white scarves into the air like the spray and the foam of splashing waves. The tides recede and come together again and again with the surf splash and the clash of the meeting waves in the dances and in the music.

With the third meeting of the sea currents, as they recede it is seen that they have left behind them lying on the ground long stretches of sand, young girls and boys clad in the colors of the sand beaches and of the sand dunes. As the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay pour up each time, more and more of these Sand-beings remain, rapidly outlining the formation of the Cape between the waters. Then from the shoulder, the upper end of the Cape, there run a number of Sand-beings with scrub pine and oak branches, which they give to the others, who stand waving them over their heads. With this exultant assertion of the formation of the Cape, the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay add their tribute in long graceful movements, like the gentle waves of the tide as it begins to ebb and make way before the land. The Land motif is at its height.

When it seems that the climax of the rise of the land can go no further in power and majesty, there shines out from the music of the

Land motif with supreme force and brilliancy the motif of the Life-Saver, dazzlingly out-shining all the rest. On the instant with it there flashes out from the end of the Cape the gleam of the Race Point Light. The light and the motif pass after a simple statement, and again they flash out, this time with other lights along the coast. Again the lights die out and the music goes back to the simple Land motif. Once more the third and last time, the motif of the Life-Saver sounds forth, stronger far than ever before, in triumphant completeness and perfect supremacy, as all the lights of the Cape gleam forth and continue shining to the end. The waters gradually recede before the lasting sovereignty of the Land and of its offspring, the spirit of the Life-Saver, that arises from it, that hovers over it, and that from it reaches out over the waters.

With the last bars of the music the lights go out, the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay retire whence they came and disappear.

Episode 1: Bartholomew Gosnold

(1602)

The Concord, Bartholomew Gosnold's ship sails up the water from the north. Gosnold stands at the prow viewing the country as he passes.

GOSNOLD; Ho! Anchor the Concord here! Ashore with me, you four!

SAILORS: Ho, Ho!

The five come ashore in a boat.

GOSNOLD: You two gather some fire-wood to cook some food. We three up on the hill to see how far this island stretches. Bring beads and trinkets. We may meet with Indians and trade for furs and sassafras.

SAILOR: There's room for but few furs in the ship.

GOSNOLD: What? Why is that?

SAILORS: The fish! The cod fish! You bid us catch all that we could against the voyage home. The boat is full.

GOSNOLD: Full of cod? The whole boat full of cod?

SAILORS: Aye, cod! The water teemed with them. It was but shoveling them into the hold.

GOSNOLD: Then shovel half of them out. We will not feed all England. Make room for furs. What shall we take Sir Walter Raleigh, fish? He'll look for furs to trim a courtly cloak. The Earl of Southampton—if we take him naught but cod for all the gold he adventured in this voyage, he'll have his actor friend,—eh, what's his name?—Will Shakespeare, write a play to make us smell of fish down all the Southwark bank of Thames. Out with the fish! Make room for furs!

Gosnold and two of the men start up the hill and climb a tree. The men in the Concord begin to throw fish overboard. The other two come forward with their arms full of wood and made a fire.

SAILOR (ON SHORE): Hi! Toss us a fish! Pick out a fine cod now and give it to me to cook.

SAILOR (in ship): There you be! (Throwing a large cod-fish ashore).

SAILOR: Aye, aye! A cod to think of many a day! (He begins to cook it).

GOSNOLD (returning): This is no island, men, but part of main land, a great long cape that runs far out into the seas.

SEVERAL: A cape! What name then, Captain, do you give your cape?

GOSNOLD: Some name will stick. What's that you're cooking there, that fish?

SAILOR: A cod; one of the fish we caught.

GOSNOLD: There's nothing in these waters here but cod! Hm! A fine one! A mighty cod! (Taking out his dagger) Give me a piece to eat!

SEVERAL SAILORS: The name! The name! What is the name of the cape?

GOSNOLD (eating): Why then,—Cod! Cape Cod! This is the best thing here, and long 'twill be remembered. Cape Cod. I name this land in honor of the princely fish already in possession!

ALL (with shouts and laughs): Cape Cod! Cape Cod!

SAILORS ON THE CONCORD: What ho! What is it?

SAILORS ON SHORE: He names this land Cape Cod!

SAILORS ON THE CONCORD: What? Again?

SAILOR ON SHORE (holding up fish): Cod! He names the land Cape Cod!

SAILORS ON THE CONCORD: (also holding up cod-fish as they throw them out) Ho, Ho! Cape Cod! Cape Cod!

GOSNOLD: Now all-aboard! We'll coast around our cape. We'll find a place to settle hereabout and build a fort in the gracious name of our most gracious queen, Elizabeth. Aboard! Our Concord bears us on to new prosperity upon these shores.

ALL (with shouts): Ho, ho! Cape Cod! The Concord! Cape Cod!

All return aboard the Concord, which sails off to the south in the direction of the other Shoal Hope, Buzzard's Bay.

Episode 2: The Pilgrims on the Cape

(1620)

The Mayflower moves up into full view and anchors. A number of the men of the Pilgrims come along the shore with pieces of a shallop, which they begin to put together. At the same time there come a number of women with large bundles of clothes, which they take down to the shore and begin to wash.

Governor John Carver, William Bradford, Captain Miles Standish, Isaac Allerton, and Edward Winslow come from the same direction, preoccupied in an earnest and urgent discussion. Others follow engaged in various kinds of work.

GOVERNOR CARVER: How comes on the shallop, my friends?

A CARPENTER: There needs much to be done.

BRADFORD: Truly you make slow work of it.

A CARPENTER: It may be slow work indeed, but it is thorough.

STANDISH: Why delay? Let us explore the country by land at once.

WINSLOW: It were well to know whether this place will answer for us to seat in or no.

GOVERNOR CARVER: Be not precipitate, for death is close at hand. We should be exposed to danger from the Indians and we could not travel far on foot.

STANDISH: But waiting here and doing nothing, we waste the time, and winter is coming down upon us.

BRADFORD: How long before the shallop will be done?

A CARPENTER: Two days or three.

STANDISH: Two days or three! Give me those days to put these perils to the test!

BRADFORD: And so say I.

GOVERNOR CARVER (addressing all): What say you men? We have all of us solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one Another covenanted and combined ourselves together for our better ordering and preservation and for the general good of the colony. What say you now to this? Shall we send forth an expedition to explore this land on foot or wait until the shallop shall be ready for us?

MANY OF THE MEN: Now. Go now on foot. Another expedition later.

GOVERNOR CARVER: So be it then. You, Captain Standish, and you, William Bradford, take with you fourteen men, use caution and all prudence. Take every man his musket, sword and corslet. For what befalleth you befalleth all of us, and in your fate there lies the fate of all.

The men designated by Standish and by Bradford get ready, their wives helping them to prepare, buckling on their corslets and making up packages of provisions which they fasten on their backs. Biscuits and Holland cheese make up much of the food they carry.

MISTRESS BRADFORD (to William Bradford): Farewell to thee, William! I have a sad strange feeling I shall see thee no more.

BRADFORD: Nay, nay, my wife, thy fears are of the evil one.

MISTRESS BRADFORD: I wish thee well.

BRADFORD: Fear not; a short time only shall I be gone, and thou art safe here with the company.

MISTRESS BRADFORD: I'll go now back upon the ship.

BRADFORD: Farewell, dear wife!

The men are now ready and at Standish's command come together and start off toward the woods. The other people return to their various occupations. As they are starting off, from the woods come several Indians with a dog. On seeing the white men, they stop, drop behind the shelter of some bushes, watch the white men, then whistle to their dog and hastily disappear into the woods. Standish and his party pursue them. The Indians are again seen at a further distance running with might and main, and shortly after Standish and his men are also seen at the same place. There some of them stop suddenly with Standish and Bradford while others continue after the Indians. Three men stand on the watch as sentinels. Standish and Bradford have found a sort of mound partly covered; over it are several old planks which they remove and a kettle, and beneath a pile of corn in the ear in baskets. They take the kettle and fill it with corn. Each man also fills his pockets with corn and carries all he can. Two men cutting a staff in the woods, thus carry the kettle. The other men return from their pursuit and are seen reporting to Standish and to Bradford the escape of the Indians and pointing out the direction in which they have gone. Thus burdened with the corn the party return

to their fellow-colonists near the Mayflower. Governor Carver and others come forward to meet them.

STANDISH: Corn! Corn we have found, buried by the Indians. Plenty for all! See what quantity we have brought with us.

GOVERNOR CARVER: A providence of the God of Hosts for our welfare!

ALL: Amen.

GOVERNOR CARVER: Yet shall we remember, this corn is not our own. We will therefore take it for but a while in trust through Him for our salvation, and when we come upon the owners we will make restitution to them again.

ALL: Aye, so will we. So will we.

Those who have stayed near the ship relieve the others of their burdens and there is considerable expression of gratitude for the relief from anxiety, as under the direction of Captain Standish they carry the corn out.

GOVERNOR CARVER: Master William White, you must know that while you have been away in the service of all the company, your wife through the mercy of God has been delivered of a child,—a son. See, here is thy babe.

A woman comes attended by others, bringing an infant. White takes the little one in his arms.

WILLIAM WHITE: Now God be praised and thanked! And, my son, as thou art a wanderer and a pilgrim on this earth, indeed even from the moment of thy birth, I will name thee Peregrine,—Peregrine White, born here in the haven of Cape Cod, in the harbor of a new world. Take him to his mother. I will follow you.

GOVERNOR CARVER (to Bradford as he comes up): Ah, Bradford William Bradford, in this short time the Lord has laid His hand upon thee while thou wert gone. (There is silence). Death has come close to thee, my brother, and who can tell when we ourselves shall go. Thy wife is dead.

BRADFORD: My—wife?

GOVERNOR CARVER: Thy wife. An accident. She drowned.

WILLIAM WHITE (turning instantly back to him): Oh Bradford!

BRADFORD: Life and death. So shall we go together.

The two men go out together,—Bradford, his head bowed in grief; White his arm on Bradford's shoulder comforting him.

GOVERNOR CARVER: Come, my people. Truly are we in the borders of the promised land both of this world and of the World To Come! (To the carpenters). The shallop, is it nearly done? When it is, take and put it in the water. Come all of you, my friends, aboard once more. Our voyage is nearly done.

The Pilgrims, men and women, gather up all their things and passing before Governor Carver, Captain Miles Standish, Isaac Allerton, and Edward Winslow, follow in the way that William Bradford and William White have preceded them.

The Mayflower sails on down the bay.

Episode 3: The Early Quakers

(1657)

A crowd of Sandwich people, men, women and children, come following William Bassett, the constable, who is leading a cow of William Allen's in distraint.

WILLIAM ALLEN: I say to thee, William Bassett, thee has no right to distraint my cattle without the order of the magistrate of Sandwich.

CROWD: No, no! Listen to the magistrate—what he says.

MAGISTRATE: We of Sandwich entertain no desire to sanction measures so severe toward those who differ from us in religion.

WILLIAM BASSETT: I have the order of the Colonial Court. What can I do but carry out its orders?

JAMES CUDWORTH: This is Boston rather than Plymouth spirit. It may be thou ridest on a Plymouth saddle, friend Bassett, but it is a Bay horse.

SARAH KERBY: Aye, what thee does is against the will of God, and that thee does well know.

WILLIAM BASSETT: Sarah Kerby, I have order here against thee also for abusing the minister. And Tristram Hull, thou who brought to Sandwich that instigator of all this disturbance, Nicholas Upsal, the court orders that thou carry him out of the government at thine own cost and that thou be fined.

CROWD: No, no; we will not have it so.

NICHOLAS UPSAL: Friends, here am I, and I thank God for your kindness and your gentle hospitality, but I would not bring ye into trouble and into bondage for my sake. I was not of this persuasion, but I could not in the sight of God witness the cruel persecution put upon the Quakers, and so said before the court. Wherefore I was harried out of the Bay Colony and pursued even here.

WILLIAM BASSETT: And thou, Nicholas Upsal, until thou art gone from the Colony must to jail.

William Bassett steps forward toward Nicholas Upsal. The

crowd interpose. Sarah Kerby takes the opportunity to get the rope leading William Allen's cow away from Bassett; she gives it to Mistress Allen who hurries off with it. Edmund Freeman steps forward before the constable.

EDMUND FREEMAN: William Bassett, we all, who are thy neighbors know that thou simply doest what thou believest to be thy duty. So we bear thee no ill will. It is well the Governor and his assistants, of whom I am one, should guard the colony from all that would disrupt its peace and unity but we who have settled Plymouth and the Cape did so for the sake of free independence in religion, and thou must know we must oppose thee in what thou doest.

MISTRESS JANE SANDERS: See who are these who come from Sachonesit. Their plain attire and godly mien would show them to be Friends driven hither by their enemies.

From the direction of Falmouth come Christopher Holder and John Copeland riding on horseback.

EDMUND FREEMAN AND WILLIAM ALLEN: Who are ye, friends, and what brings ye hither?

CHRISTOPHER HOLDER: Our names are Christopher Holder and John Copeland.

JOHN COPELAND: We heard we should find Friends here in Sandwich and in Barnstable and Yarmouth.

CHRISTOPHER HOLDER: We would commune with those who heed the Inward Light of the Most High revealed to them in their own hearts and hear the voice of God in their own souls.

A number of the Sandwich Quakers go right forward to them with outstretched hand of welcome. William Bassett, the constable, however steps forward in front of them with his staff of office upraised.

WILLIAM BASSETT: I warn ye by authority of the Court of Associates of Plymouth Colony, if ye be Quakers as ye confess ye are, to go hence out of the colony, on pain of forfeiting your horses to the government and being publicly whipped.

QUAKERS: Nay, nay, we welcome thee both into our midst; we will harbor thee and entertain thee, for we are free men, and we will listen to the word of God as He speaks through thy mouths.

The Quakers rush past Bassett and gather around Holder and Copeland, bringing them in among them. Edmund Freeman, James Cudworth and others who are not themselves Quakers stand aside watching with consent though not actively assisting in the setting aside of the constable's authority. Christopher Holder and John Copeland come on down followed by the Quakers; Nicholas Upsal assisted by Tristram Hull, as he is an aged man, goes forward to greet them. They come with him between them. William Bassett helplessly inveighs against these proceedings, expostulating with some of the other Sandwich people while Sarah Kerby, Mistress Jane Sanders and others half vindictively keep him from interfering.

From the wood road and the direction of Plymouth come riding on horse-back, Governor Thomas Prence, and his Assistants, Josias Winslow and Thomas Hinckley, followed by one George Barlow and others of their company attending him.

SEVERAL: The Governor! The Governor!

Much formal respect is shown as he rides up. He has the manner of one accustomed to authority and to the responsibility of decision, stern, unyielding and austere. The three visiting Quakers are hastily led away to a safe place.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: Well, Master Constable, how are the laws obeyed in this Quaker town of Sandwich? How dost thou perform thy duty? What fines hast thou distrained from these Quakers.

WILLIAM BASSETT: I am opposed by the people in the execution of mine office, and I am unable to collect the fines imposed upon the Quakers by the Court.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: Unable! Opposed! What means this? Those fines shall be collected! Call men to your assistance. General Cudworth, do you uphold the constable in his authority. And Edmund Freeman, you.

JAMES CUDWORTH: Near all the town adhere to this belief.

EDMUND FREEMAN: All maintain the right to think and worship as he will.

WILLIAM BASSETT: The people are against these persecutions and these laws.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: But I am for them, and I am Governor.

ROBERT HARPER: Thomas Prence, thee shall not constrain the people and place thy lies above God's truth.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: What! What! I cannot bear it! William Bassett, see thou execute thine office promptly on these Quakers, else will I appoint as marshal one who can. (There is a loud murmur of disapproval and resistance).

JAMES CUDWORTH, ISAAC ROBINSON AND JAS. HATHERLEY: Governor Prence, we would have thee know that we are all against thee in this matter.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: You are! Indeed! I will appoint you three to enforce the laws of the Colony in these towns.

JAMES CUDWORTH, ISAAC ROBINSON AND JAS. HATHERLEY: We will not take the office on us.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: You know the penalty for declining public office. (They bow), I suspect you to be Quakers in your hearts yourselves. And mind you I shall see that you are disfranchised,—aye, disfranchised, do ye hear? I'll make a marshall shall enforce the laws. Here, George Barlow, you I do appoint as marshall to enforce these laws of heresy in Sandwich, Barnstable and Yarmouth with full power, do ye hear!

WILLIAM ALLEN: Thee does disgrace the law appointing him. He is a drunken brute.

MISTRESS JANE SANDERS: Who could have thought of such a thing! Did I ever come to New England for this?

GEORGE BARLOW: I will enforce the laws. And William Allen, methink I have need to call on thee. For holding Quaker meetings in thy house, for attending Quaker meetings in other houses, for entertaining Quakers, and refusing to take the oath, ha-ha! And, ha-ha! I think I do remember that thou once refused to take thy hat off in the court, ha-ha!—£1 more! I will think what goods are the most serviceable to these Quakers, and those will I take when I distrain for fines! Ha-ha!

GOVERNOR PRENCE: Are there any Quakers hidden here now? (Silence).

GEORGE BARLOW: I'll find them if there are.

GOVERNOR PRENCE: If there be, let them have the strapado! (George Barlow goes zealously out). Ignorant fanatics! Sound education the people need. Compulsory education is the thing. Then would they not go idly and profanely setting up their own ideas

for the word of God. These Quakers and false leaders,—I will rid the Colony of them. Let them have the strapado!—On, my friends, to Eastham.

Governor Prence and his party ride on out in the direction of Barnstable and Eastham, the people showing their respect to the office by bowing to him as he passes, the Constable, William Bassett, crying before him, "Way for the Governor of Plymouth!" They watch him go. Christopher Holder, John Copeland and Nicholas Upsal are brought forth as soon as he is gone. Then from the other side William Allen and Edward Perry run in wringing their hands in desperation. WILLIAM ALLEN: He has taken all that we have! We are ruined!

He has taken all that we have!

George Barlow comes hurrying in after them laughing maliciously, and driven before him eighteen cattle, one mare, and two colts. As he appears, their friends take the three Quakers out again. Barlow has with him a copper kettle, which he holds up jeeringly for Mistress Allen to see.

GEORGE BARLOW: Now, Priscilla, how will thee cook for thyself and thy family? Thou hast no kettle! Ha-ha!

MISTRESS ALLEN: George Barlow, that God who hears the young ravens when they cry will provide for my children. I trust in that God and verily believe the time will come when thy necessity will be greater than mine.

GEORGE BARLOW: Ha-ha! I'll touch them to the quick! Ha-ha! Then there's Edward Perry and Robert Harper, I will see to them, give them a little Light of the kind that comes of authority! Ha-ha! And I must search to see whom ye have hidden here. I'll root out heresy!

EDMUND FREEMAN: Take cheer and comfort, Goodman Allen. This shall not be for long.

WILLIAM ALLEN: Come, friends, come let us seek the comfort of the Spirit together in assembled meeting in my house. Picked bare it is, but thereby more room for the friends who daily come together with us to gain the blessing of the Inner Light.

The three Quakers again are brought forth from their hiding. William Allen and his wife lead the way with Nicholas Upsal, followed by the other Quakers and by the neighborly people of Sandwich led by Edmund Freeman, James Cudworth, and Isaac Robinson.

II. Interlude: The Dream of the Canal

Miles Standish with a party of Pilgrims emerge from the woods on the hill from the direction of Plymouth. They carry oars and rudders and rude shovels as well as their weapons. Meeting them from the direction of Buzzard's Bay come a group of Dutch similarly equipped. They greet each other and in pantomime Standish expresses the determined wish that the divide between the two bays might be cut through. The Dutch endorse the desirability of the idea and express their enthusiasm over the facility for easy trade between the New Amsterdam and the Massachusetts Bay colonies.

As they stand indicating by gesture where the proposed canal should run a group of Indians pass through across the open glade in front of them carrying their canoes in portage. Standish hails them and acquaints them with the idea. They are astounded at the temerity of the plan but scoff the idea of its practicability, pointing at the shovels and then at the hill which must be removed. Indomitably Standish points out to his men his dream of the blue waters flowing freely through from bay to bay, and starts to work, at first taking a hand in the labor himself. The Indians still scoffing go on with their canoes but stop in the edge of the trees before departing and watch the white men digging. The men make little progress with their shovels; Standish tries to encourage them to new vigor, but in vain.

They stand together resting on their tools, Standish with his arm stretched out longingly toward his canal. From the same direction comes the Committee of the General Court of Massachusetts of 1698. They view the place for a passage to be cut with evident approval. In succession comes the Revolutionary officer of engineers, Machin, followed by General Washington and the Committee of the Council, to whom he points out the line of the canal but indicates its utter impracticability. So in like manner a group of private parties of 1818 and United States officers of 1824, who wax enthusiastic of the outlook; a group of legislators of 1860; and finally a group of 1883 with Henry M. Whitney at their head. In the music is reflected the increasing hopelessness and disappointment of all these who have dreamed of the canal and put their best efforts into attempts for its realization.

Then suddenly the motif of Success sounds forth in the orchestra. The people of the past start up with surprise and the indomitable hope of such men, and look eagerly out toward the water. A dredge moves up the line of the Canal, stops opposite the group of dreamers and begins to work. The music sweeps forward into a full and triumphant development of the theme of final success. The Indians come down in amazement, leave their canoes half way, creep behind the small trees and watch the dredge. Standish and all the men of other years gaze in mingled ecstasy and astonishment. The dredge stops working and starts back down the canal whence it came. The Indians go over to Standish and stand before him with both hands raised above their heads in acknowledgment of the power of the idea which he first pronounced—the Dream of the Canal. The men of the years retire back into the woods of the hill, in inverse order; the more recent going first. The Indians again take up their canoes and continue their portage toward Buzzard's Bay.

Episode 4: Strangers and Pirates in the Offing

(1717)

From the hillside come a group of women preceded by a number of children looking searchingly out to the sea.

YOUNG WOMAN: There is not a sail in sight now at any rate.

ANOTHER: Well, Jabez said that coming back from whaling with Ichabod Padduck they were driven into Chatham, barely got in, by a ship of 100 ton or more, and it flew the pirate flag.

SMALL BOY: The skull and cross bones, Sukey?

ANOTHER: Be silent and listen to your elders. Yes, the skull and cross bones,—

OLD WOMAN: Aye, so said he. And when they passed the bar and looked again she flew the French flag.

YOUNG WOMAN: A French privateer. I do not believe it was a pirate at all.

ANOTHER: Well, pirate or Frenchman,—there is little to choose between them.

From the water come several sailors, men of the Cape, among them Ichabod Padduck; with them are a number of their neighbors.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: We'll have to keep a sharp look-out, good people. They are in the offing somewhere. We saw them.

A MAN: There were strangers in Hyannis but three days ago.

A WOMAN: Englishmen come in to trade. I knew a woman there, my sister's cousin's aunt that bought a handsome kettle from them and a dress.

A MAN: Ye never can tell. English, maybe,—for the time perhaps.

A WOMAN: There was no harm in them. She bought a dress of them, I told you. And they had good money. She saw it. English gold and silver.

YOUNG WOMAN: They might be pirates, just the same.

A MAN: Well, it was a good law they used to have that strangers must give account of themselves and leave the town at once if they did not satisfy the magistrate and minister.

A number of sailors come up from the water, strangers, more strikingly dressed, following a Captain who has a suave and easy though still distinctly authoritative manner.

CAPTAIN: What ho, my good friends! Is Captain Ichabod Paddock hereabout?

ICHABOD PADDUCK: Aye, that's my name.

CAPTAIN: We've made port on cruise to Georgia and the southern colonies from England, blown north by fearful storms. But trade is trade, wheresoever one come to shore. Water and provision we need most.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: And what have you to trade?

CAPTAIN: English goods, kettles, teas, and coffees, wines and spirits; or I can pay in gold and silver.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: Let me see. I have sperm oil and whalebone. (He leads him to one side).

A MAN: Have you seen any pirates or Frenchmen on the seas.

CAPTAIN: Aye, did we, and had a merry chase. They never caught us, but came near to board us.

MAN: I fear me these are pirates.

YOUNG WOMAN: Did you not hear him say they were chased by pirates even now?

Some of the strange sailors have taken various goods out of the chests they carry and begin to trade with the men and women, who are avid for the unusual articles, and become more and more friendly. Paddock and the Captain are bargaining to one side. Up from the water runs a man, a miserable wretch, evidently trying to escape. He starts off to avoid the crowd. He is seen, however.

A MAN: Here, see, a thief,—or worse belike! (Several catch the man). Now tell us who you be.

ANOTHER: We do not want the like of you about.

FUGITIVE: Mercy, have mercy! I'll tell you all the truth. I am escaped from bloody pirates, who scuttled our ship on voyage from England to—Ahhh! There they be. Hide me. They'll murder me.

A MAN: Eh, eh! Pirates you say. We heard they were about. Come up and let us see. You say this gentleman is a pirate, ho? A finer man than you he looks at least.

FUGITIVE: Spare me! Hide me!

They drag the fellow up to the crowd. Some of the pirate sailors start forward, but stand still at a sign from their Captain.

CAPTAIN: Well, you came ashore? This is a noble town to see, but still I fear you came without leave, and proper discipline must be preserved.

FUGITIVE (defiantly): He is a pirate. He burned our ship and since has scuttled three.

CAPTAIN: Surely, my friends, for your sakes, if ye want this man to stay here in your town, I freely let him go.

WOMAN: A generous deed.

ONE WOMAN: We do not want this wretch here among us.

CAPTAIN: I hardly thought ye would. Here is the fellow's story and that it is the truth he will himself attest. I said we were pursued by pirates.

SEVERAL: He did; he did. He said so at the very first.

CAPTAIN: They tried to board us, and a few came over our side, this man among the others, and when we drove them back this knave was captured, and of course we could not treat such men as he too kindly. Is it not so?

Two of the pirates have come around behind him. One whips out a knife and sticks it into the man.

PIRATE: Swear for your life it is the truth, or—

FUGITIVE: It is; it is.

A NUMBER OF PEOPLE: The wretch! The wretch! Maligning an honest man!

CAPTAIN: Take him back to the ship.

Murmurs of approval from the crowd as the man is led off shrieking his pleas for mercy and protection. Then they resume their bartering.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: Gold I will have in payment for the oil.

CAPTAIN: I will not pay you gold. Gold is too scarce. I'll give you half the sum, in gold.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: You have no gold. It was a boast.

CAPTAIN: A boast. There's no man lives shall say that word to me.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: Aye, one; right here. This man—we want no rabble strangers here. But there are few men speak no word of truth. We are trading, Captain, and ye'll pay me gold.

CAPTAIN: Then, as you will, I'll pay you gold. And as you prosper, when we meet again, you'll pay me gold.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: It may be, and may not. Come, Gershom, Zenas, Edward,—load the Captain's boats with fifty casks of oil. (Aside). But do not you yourselves go to his ship.

CAPTAIN: The wind is fresh and fair toward Georgia. Come, men, get the oil aboard, and quickly. In God's care, my friends! Away!

The pirates gather up their goods, close their chests quickly and hurry off, their Captain urging them on. As they go, from down the Cape come Captain Cyprian Southack with a guard of soldiers and eight prisoners, pirates, bound with cords. The crowd curses and jeers them.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: Captain Southack, are these the pirates that survived the wreck?

CAPTAIN SOUTHACK: Aye, Captain Paddock, these are the survivors of the "Whidah" Samuel Bellame, now gone to wreck upon the shore of Wellfleet. One hundred and two were drowned. We buried them there upon the beach. A few perchance escaped.

ICHABOD PADDUCK: To Boston these?

CAPTAIN SOUTHACK: Aye, to Boston, from Barnstable. Then these will not long survive. (Cheers).

CAPTAIN SOUTHACK: Give the rogues a sup of water, nothing more. And now upon our way. God save you, friends. Life shall be safe upon the Cape.

There is a general response to the greeting. Captain Southack and his company start on, amid some cheers for him and some curses for the pirates. Boys throw some stones at the pirates as they depart.

All go out in groups, showing each other what they have gained from barter with the pirates.

Episode 5: The Barnstable County Court

Barnstable: In front of the County Court House. The drum is heard approaching from the direction of Sandwich. People, mostly women and children, appear in large numbers from various directions, evidently knowing that a notable event is soon to happen. From the trees at one side comes Col. James Otis, the elder, of Barnstable, with members of his family. From Barnstable and the lower towns of the Cape come a large body of men who greet Col. Otis with a cheer and take their places on one side of the Court House. The sound of the drum comes nearer and nearer and then there comes marching from the direction of Sandwich a procession of men headed by Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, of Sandwich, on horseback with Stephen Nye of Sandwich as his chief adjutant. First come a number of men on horseback riding in double file with Noah Fearing of Wareham and Joseph Haskell, 3rd, of Rochester, as additional adjutants at the rear and then a large number of the men of Barnstable and Bristol Counties on foot under Salathiel Bumpas and Malachi Ellis. As they march past Col. Otis they all raise their hats in his honor and from time to time greet him with a cheer, which he acknowledges by removing his hat and bowing to them. Col. Otis puts his hat on his head and retires into his home, his family attending him as it were to the door and then coming out and joining their friends and neighbors. The men of the procession draw up in a body before the Court House in a quiet and dignified manner.

DR. NATHANIEL FREEMAN: Attention, friends and neighbors! It was voted by the Body of the People that the resolves be read once every day at some convenient time and place during our transitory state and temporary fellowship, that so our righteousness may plead our cause and bear a public testimony that we are neither friends to mobs or riots or any other wickedness or abomination. I will now direct your adjutant, Stephen Nye, to read the resolves.

STEPHEN NYE: Whereas the vicinity from the Counties of Bristol and Plymouth and Barnstable think it necessary in support of the Common Cause to propose some matters of importance to the honorable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; and whereas

these our public transactions are of a public nature, and, as we apprehend, laudable; and as we have no private interest to serve or anything in view but the good of our COUNTRY and its *common cause*; Therefore resolved,—

Stephen Nye is interrupted by the ringing of the Court House Bell.

DR. FREEMAN: Hold! Why is the bell rung?

SEVERAL: It is being rung for the meeting of the Court.

DR. FREEMAN: It must not be rung. Bring out the man who is ringing the bell.

Men go into the Court House and immediately the bell ceases ringing. They return forthwith leading a man, who is protesting against their interference with him.

DR. FREEMAN: Who are you, and why do you ring the bell?

BELL RINGER: I am a deputy sheriff and it is my duty to ring the bell for the assembling of the Court.

DR. FREEMAN: It is the will of the Body of the People that the bell be not rung.

BELL RINGER: I care not. It is my duty and—

DR. FREEMAN: I commend your courage. Hold him at one side.—Here come the Court. The Committee to Present the Address will stand forward. The whole Body will keep the door.

Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, John Pitcher, Stephen Nye, Daniel Crocker and Noah Fearing stand forward in a group together in front of the people and directly in the way to the Court House. From the direction of the house of Daniel Davis, where the Justices had assembled come the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in their robes of office, there being present of them,—James Otis, C. J. Kenelm Winslow, and Edward Bacon, JJ. preceded by the High Sheriff with a broad cockade in his hat and a long white staff in his left hand and a drawn sword in his right. They halt at a short distance from the Committee.

CHIEF JUSTICE OTIS: Gentlemen, what is the purpose for which this vast assemblage is collected here?

DR. FREEMAN: May it please your honor, this movement is directed to prevent the Court from being opened or doing business. We

have taken all the consequences into consideration; we have weighed them well and have formed this resolution which we shall not rescind. We have embodied our determinations in an address to your honors, which we herewith present.

CHIEF JUSTICE OTIS: This is a legal and constitutional court. Why do you interrupt its proceedings? Why do you make a leap before you get to the hedge?

DR. FREEMAN: We do not appear here out of any disrespect to this honorable court; nor do we apprehend that if you proceed to business, you will do anything that we could censure. But, sir, from all the decisions of this court of more than forty shillings amount, an appeal lies; an appeal to what? to a court holding office during the king's pleasure, a court over which we have no control or influence, and where the jury will be appointed by the sheriff. For this reason we have adopted this method of stopping the avenue through which business may otherwise pass to that tribunal,—well knowing that if they have no business, they can do us no harm.

CHIEF JUSTICE OTIS: As is my duty, I now in His Majesty's name order you immediately to disperse, and give the court the opportunity to perform the business of the county.

DR. FREEMAN: We thank your honor for having done your duty. We shall continue to perform ours.

Dr. Freeman steps forward and hands the address to the Chief Justice.

CHIEF JUSTICE OTIS: Sheriff, the Court will not sit. We will return to our lodgings.

The High Sheriff and the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas turn and depart the way they came amid the respectful silence of the people assembled. When they have departed, the crowds break out into three cheers, repeated again and again.

DR. FREEMAN: Two members of the Committee will attend upon the members of the honorable court to receive their answer to our address. The Body of the People will meantime hear the recantations of those who have offended against the common cause.

Two of the Committee go out after the Justices. Tory is brought forward.

DR. FREEMAN: It is stated by reliable men that you threatened to pull down the Liberty Pole. What have you to say? Do you confess it?

THE TORY: I did not; I did not. I offered to treat a man who threatened to pull it down, but I was only in jest and had no thought of doing mischief and would never disturb the pole.

The two Committeemen return with a paper in their hands.

STEPHEN NYE: The Justices consent to our requests! (Cheers).

DR. FREEMAN: The Justices have all signed a paper to that effect. (Cheers) And the High Sheriff as well.

AN OFFICER: I move that the Towns appoint committees to desire all military officers that they no longer hold commissions under the present Captain-General, who has actually besieged the capital of this province with a fleet and army. I for my part will at once resign my commission. (Cheers)

OTHER OFFICERS (Running forward with their sheathed swords in their hands): And I! And I! And I! (Cheers).

DR. FREEMAN: You have heard the motion. Is it seconded?

MANY: Seconded! Seconded! Question! Question!

DR. FREEMAN: Those who are in favor.

THE CROWD: Aye!

DR. FREEMAN: Those contary minded (Silence).

DR. FREEMAN: It is carried unanimously! (Prolonged cheers). Are there any other motions?

Now, my friends, we will pay our sincere respect to that venerable patriot, and father of patriots, our beloved neighbor, Col. Otis And then to our homes. Forward!

The body then march in order around to the place where Col. Otis was before seen, the rest of the people, the women and the children following. As they come up in front of Col. Otis' house, he again appears at the door with members of his family. As he steps forward and takes off his hat, there is a great and hearty cheer, after which all stand in silence with bared heads.

DR. FREEMAN: May it please your Honor, the body of the people of the several counties of Barnstable, Plymouth and Bristol beg leave to assure you that we entertain a very high and grateful sense of that integrity and those abilities which have long distin-

guished you, and we pray your Honor that you will as one of his Majesty' constitutional council attend the session of the Great and General Court to meet at Salem on the 5th of October next.

COL. OTIS: Gentlemen: Your very complaisant address desiring me to attend my duty at Salem on the 5th of October I am obliged to you for ; and I am determined to attend at Salem at that time in case my health permits.

There are hearty and prolonged cheers. The fife and drum strike up "Yankee Doodle" and the people depart, passing in review before Col. Otis, waving to him and cheering him as they go. The people of the upper end of the Cape go out one way ; those from Barnstable and from the lower end of the Cape go out the other.

Episode 6: The Bombardment of Falmouth

(1814)

Falmouth. Down to the shore certain of the men of Falmouth under Capt. Weston Jenkins pull two pieces of artillery which they train on the British cruisers lying in the Bay. People of Falmouth in goodly numbers come out, men, women, and children, and watch the baiting of the enemy with defiant exultation. One shot is fired in return. Then a row-boat approaches the shore containing a British officer with a crew of sailors. The cannon are pulled back up onto the hill. The people draw back a little as the boat nears, and Capt. Jenkins and some of the militiamen advance to meet it.

BRITISH OFFICER: Who is in command here?

Who is responsible for this town?

CAPTAIN JENKINS: I am.

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: We are We all are responsible for this town.

ONE MAN: Captain Jenkins here is in command of the militia of Falmouth.

CAPTAIN JENKINS: I am in command. What do you want?

BRITISH OFFICER: You are in command, are you? Hm! The commander of His Britannic Majesty's brig, ('Nimrod' demands that you release the Nantucket packet sloop, which is detained by your people.

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: No! No! We will not! They are Britishers!

BRITISH OFFICER: Silence! You were best—(There is an uproar).

CAPTAIN JENKINS: Hear what he has to say, good people. (Quiet is restored).

BRITISH OFFICER: And he demands that you surrender forthwith the several pieces of artillery with which you have annoyed—(Uproar again).

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: No! No! Never!

ONE MAN: Annoyed! We will continue to annoy them!

CAPTAIN JENKINS: Quiet, my friends. For the Nantucket packet, we will first satisfy ourselves that they are not in collusion with the enemy or at least neutral. If the crew prove themselves good Americans—it will not be necessary to deal with His Majesty. (Shouts and laughter from the crowd).

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: That's right! That's the answer to give him!

BRITISH OFFICER: I warn you.

CAPTAIN JENKINS: And as for the cannon, well,—alright. Tell your commander to come on and get them. (Shouts and cheers of approval from all the people).

BRITISH OFFICER: I admire your courage, sir, but I must warn you that your action will bring the horrors of war immediately to your own town.

CAPTAIN JENKINS: We have many among us who well remember the last war, and all of us can remember the three years of this war. We take our stand knowing what we do. War for Cape Cod means poverty and starvation.

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: Aye, that it does! That it does!

ONE MAN: We stand by what he says. (Loud cheers endorse this declaration).

BRITISH OFFICER: I salute your fortitude (removing his hat) but it is my duty, if you persist in your defiance,—

A NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE: We do; we do!

BRITISH OFFICER:—to warn you by order of the commander of the "Nimrod" that he will employ force and will bombard the town until you yield to his demands, and that he gives you two hours, and only two hours, to remove the women and children.

SEVERAL WOMEN: Do not wait for us.

The British Officer and Captain Jenkins salute each other. The Englishman returns to his boat and is rowed back to his ship.

CAPTAIN JENKINS: Send out the alarm!

Three young men jump onto their horses and speed off at a gallop in different directions shouting the alarm as they go.

THE ALARM: To Falmouth! To Falmouth! All the militia to Falmouth! The British attack!

The crowd cheers again and again as the alarm start off, and as the preparations to resist the attack progress. The women gather the children together and take them off away from the shore up onto the hill and into the woods. The men gather on the field, forming in groups and seeing that their arms are in good condition. The two cannon are again brought forward to an advantageous position behind the militia. A group of soldiers in the middle of the field sing loud and with emphasis;

Ye Parliaments of England, ye Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about, and what you mean to do;
You're now at war with Yankees, I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You've roused the Sons of Liberty in North America.
As the boisterous singing comes to an end, H. B. M. brig,

"Nimrod" sails up the water and stops at a position opposite the Americans on the shore. Captain Jenkins draws his men up in advantageous positions, and the two cannon get ready for action. The "Nimrod" opens up with a broadside; the cannon of Falmouth reply. The firing continues, the Americans gradually retiring back to better positions in the edge of the woods.

As men are wounded or killed, women rush out from the cover of the woods, give them immediate assistance where they lie and help them back to shelter, when the wound is severe, one or two of the men also helping them.

The "Nimrod" ceases firing, and from her side come several row-boats loaded with soldiers to effect a landing. With angry shout the Americans sweep forward across the field and repel the landing party with a brisk musket fire. The row-boats stop and then go back. Cheers, wild and prolonged, greet this success from the men and also from the women and the children watching the engagement from the hill. The "Nimrod" after a few more shots ceases firing and sails away down the bay, amid the uproarious cheering and shouting of all the people. The orchestra joins in with this jubilation with the refrain of "The Star Spangled Banner," as all the people flock in around the men and all march off together to their homes in Falmouth and the surrounding villages.

Interlude II: The Storm

The orchestra blares out the Ocean motif in turbulent mood. Instantly the Ocean spirits appear and menacingly whirl dark gloomy veils of fog and storm-cloud about them, covering over the deep rich colors of their other garments. Then with threatening gestures they start forth in tidal motion but swiftly across the open space toward the waters of the Bay. As they approach, the waters of the Bay appear, standing as in apprehension, almost in fear. As the gale in the music rises more and more shrill and threatening, the waters of the Bay first advance to meet the Ocean waves and then recede huddling together.

Just as the Ocean waves are about to cast themselves in anger upon the waters of the Bay, the Sand spirits of the Cape rush in between and ward off the anger of the Ocean from the waters of the Bay, taking upon themselves the fury of the storm. Their pine and oak branches lash back and forth in the wind. The Ocean waves dash themselves upon the shore, tossing high and viciously their white scarves in surf. The waters of the Bay take up the tidal motion also, some of them, akin to the Ocean, drawing forth grey scarves and joining less furiously in the beating of the storm, and dashing their surf upon the shore.

The storm waxes more and more furious. Lightning flashes through the Ocean waves and over the land. Thunder peals through the raging of the storm. The Ocean waves attack the Land more and more vindictively, trying to tear away the Sand-children from the Land. Here and there a child is carried away helplessly amid the malicious shrieks of the Ocean and the walls of despair of the Sand-beings on the land. The wails increase as the storm goes on, the Land motif in the music becoming as mother-cries bereaved of their young.

Just as the wails of the Sand-beings reach their cruelest tensivity of supplication for help, there rings out over the seas, rising out of the Land motif, the motif of the Life-Saver. Down through the midst of the sand-beings along the line of the Cape, run a group of Life Saving men in their sou'westers and oil-skins. The waves of the Ocean and of the bay recede a little way from the Land as they

come running down. The Sand-beings kneel in gratitude for the promised rescue. Into the angry waters of the storm the Life Savers plunge to rescue the lost Sand-children. In the music the fight goes on relentlessly between the Ocean motif and the Life-Savers motif

Out through the surf, one by one, the Life-Savers bring the drowning Sand-children, limp and helpless in their arms, as in higher and higher triumph the Life-Savers motif shines out over the mutter of the storm. As one after another is carried ashore, the Sand-beings kneel in touching gratitude around the Life-Saver and the restored little one, and the turbulent waves of the Ocean recede and their stormy rumblings quiet down as they bow in obeisance to the supremacy of the Life-Saver. Then they give one last sweep of acknowledgment with their storm veils and appear again in their gorgeous sea colors, kneeling before the Life-Savers with the rescued Sand-children in their arms. With a final triumphant statement of the Life-Saver motif in the orchestra, the spirits withdraw, first the waters of the Ocean, then the waters of the Bay, and last the Sand-beings and the Life-Savers.

Episode 7: Over the Seas of the World

(1845)

With sounding horn the Stage comes down the vista road toward the village of Hyannis. People come out to meet it,—men in working clothes, a goodly number of women and some children. The driver cracks his whip, and all cheer; the people in the stage wave their handkerchiefs. Several ladies get out and are greeted by their friends and relatives.

MRS. SMITH (getting down from the stage): How do you do, Almira?

MRS. CROWELL: How do you do, Lucy? What kind of a trip did you have?

MRS. SMITH: We had a splendid trip! I am most dead with fatigue and jouncing; but we did not get upset once!

MRS. BORWELL: Well, that's a mercy! I don't mind a voyage to India or some other place, where you can be comfortable on the ship—most of the time, unless it blows a storm once in a while; but I've often told the Captain I did not like to travel by land. Now come right along with me and get rested.

MRS. SMITH: Now tell me, how are the children? And how is Aunt Jerusha, and Uncle Elkanah, and all the folks?

Baggage and band-boxes are taken down from the top of the stage; mistakes are made, some are put back; some are misplaced, which leads to flustered inquiry and demands of the Stage Driver, Jake Smith. Finally he mounts his box and cracks his whip.

STAGE DRIVER: All aboard! Stage for Yarmouth, Barnstable, Sandwich and New Bedford!

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: Well, Nathan, you won't be driving stage along this road much longer.

STAGE DRIVER: I do not know, Captain, but I will be driving along these roads as long as you will be sailing a ship along these waters!

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: No, Nathan, the railroad is coming, the Cape Cod Railroad, and when it gets down to Hyannis in a few years,—then where will you be.

STAGE DRIVER: Right here just the same. The Lord Almighty made horse-flesh for the travel of man on land, the same as I grant you he made the wind and the sails for his travel by sea. Travel on a road without a horse!

MISS REBECCA HALLETT: No, Captain Scudder, you'll never get me to trust myself to a railroad, and there are many others like me. What would we do, if it blew up?

MISS MARTHA BEARSE: Why, you'll all be dead, Aunt Rebecca. (General laugh).

MISS REBECCA HALLETT: I guess we would! No, Nathan, I will travel with you.

STAGE DRIVER: Horse-flesh and sails will go out together, Captain.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: What do you say to that, Mr. Baxter?

ALEXANDER BAXTER (Just off the stage): Not with that in my hand do I think shipping will get any set-back! These are not the days of the embargo!

He flourishes a large document. All look interested; some indicating what they have inside knowledge of the matter; others frankly curious.

SEVERAL: What is that, Mr. Fuller?

MARTIN FULLER: That means, my friends, that Hyannis is coming into her own as a business centre, as is her due. That is the charter, which I have brought down with me from Boston, of the Hyannis Packet Insurance Company! (Cheers). The Cape sends its harbor as good as any and more plentiful. The Cape sends out most of the sea-captains of the Atlantic coast as it is. We can do the business here too and we will! (Cheers).

STAGE DRIVER: All aboard! If you want to ride safe, Mr. Baxter, you'll always ride by the stage! You did to-day with the charter!

There is a general laugh in response to this retort. The stage driver whips up his horses and drives off in the direction of Harwich and of Chatham amid the hearty cheers of all. The people all start off toward their homes.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: The Post is a bit late to-day.

MRS. SCUDDER: Something must have happened to him. Expecting word?

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: Aye, about time, I guess, for them to be sending for me again.

Post comes down the road from Plymouth, Sandwich and Barnstable. He blows his horn. Those who had started to go home quickly return to welcome the Post with his bags of mail slung over his horse.

THE POST: The Post! The Post! Mail for Hyannis! Where's the Post-master?

POSTMASTER: Here I be! Here!

POSTMASTER: Give me the letters. Where is the newspapers? Got them this week?

The Post hands down to the Postmaster several bundles of letters from out of his saddle-bags, and then some papers. The Postmaster looks them over and hands out a number of them, calling the names.

POSTMASTER: Here, Sarah, what is this name? I cannot just read that writing.

One of the young women, his daughter, reads the name out and helps the old man distribute the letters and papers. There is much interest in each person's mail and speculation as to where and from and what may be the contents.

SARAH: Nothing more in the bags for us?

THE POST: Let me see! Yes, here's something,—for Captain Phineas Scudder,—from Boston.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: I thought likely I should have something soon.

MRS. SCUDDER: Another voyage for you, is it, Phineas?

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: Aye, aye, that's what it is. Horace Hallett & Company of Boston want me to go to India,—Bombay,—for them as soon as I can get off.

SCUDDER BOY: Can I go, dad? You said I could go for a cabin-boy the next time.

MRS. SCUDDER: You're too young yet, another time.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: What do you say if I take you both with me?

THE POST: Good day to you, my friends!

He rides out the road, the people waving to him as he goes. Just as he disappears, he returns and shouts to them.

He rides off. With loud and joyous cheers all run forward to meet the newly arrived sailors. They meet them at the entrance of the road. There are happy family reunions. The home-comers bring

with them sea-chests and dunnage bags from which they take presents of dresses and of goods from the East which they have brought as presents for their families and friends.

MRS. BAKER: Here, Lucy; here Sophronia! This is your brother!

How all of you have grown up in these three years.

LUCY BAKER: I should have known you anywhere. You have not changed a bit except to grow bigger and manly.

CAPTAIN BAKER: It is good to get home to my family! And what a big fellow you have grown to be.

Captain Bacon picks up a little fellow of four or five and goes off with his family. He meets Captain Scudder ready to sail.

CAPTAIN BAKER: Ah, Phineas, I am glad to see you.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: The last time we met was in the South Seas. Welcome home! I am just off!

CAPTAIN BAKER: Where?

CAPTAIN SCUDDER: To India, Bombay. Good voyage?

CAPTAIN BAKER: Aye. Success to you.

Captain Scudder and his wife and boy go out together, sailors carrying sea-chests after them, or friends helping with their baggage. They go out down by the water. In a moment the ship passes out by them. All wave and cheer, then go back home with the returned seamen.

Episode 8: The War of North and South

(1864).

A group of small boys run out into the field playing war. They have on paper soldier hats; one, Willie, as captain has a lathe sword; the others have wooden guns some of which to the unimaginative eye are simply sticks of convenient length with a crook at one end to suggest the stock. As they run out, the captain shouts "Charge!" whereat they all rush out into the field shooting as they go, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" When they get to the middle of the field they all stop for breath and to cheer.

WILLIE: The enemy are all dead! (Cheers from all the other boys, and pause for breath all around). Now, let's play it better. (Dividing the crowd). You fellows go over there. I'll be Grant and you be Lee and we'll lick you.

OTHER BOY: No you won't lick us either; but I won't be Lee.

OTHER BOYS: We won't be Rebs.

WILLIE: You've got to or it won't be any good. You've got to be Rebs and we've got to lick you.

OTHER BOYS: But we won't. No, we won't.

From one side comes the mother of the little Captain, followed by the grand-parents, and others of the family. They have with them a wheel chair.

THE MOTHER: Come, Willie! Come!

WILLIE: We've got to stop now anyway. I've got to go. Uncle Tom's coming home from the hospital.

OTHER BOYS: Is he? Today? The one that was wounded?

A LITTLE BOY: He was killed, wasn't he?

WILLIE: No. How could he come home if he was killed.

LITTLE BOY: Well, he was pretty nearly killed, wasn't he?

WILLIE: I'll get him to tell us all about it, the charges and things.

MOTHER: Come, Willie, hurry up. Your Uncle Tom is coming home from the hospital and I want you.

WILLIE: I'm coming.

He goes over to his mother and she brushes off his clothes and looks him over. The other boys follow together at a little distance. From the other direction come a wounded soldier on crutches and in uniform, attended by a doctor and by his brother, a farmer, in hard-worn working clothes, with one or two of the neighbors.

DOCTOR: That's it! Now get into the wheel-chair, and you will be all right.

SOLDIER: Hello, Mother.

He looks up with a smile to her. She comes over quietly and helps him get into the chair, patting him gently on the shoulder and then kissing him.

SOLDIER: It is good to get home. (He looks around at them all with a smile).

DOCTOR: And it will do you good to be home. You will build right up now if you obey orders and keep quiet. Lots of sunshine and home is what you need most.

Willie comes up eagerly.

WILLIE: Hello, Uncle Tom!

SOLDIER: Hello, Willie! You're a soldier too, I see.

WILLIE: Yes, we had a battle this morning and we won. We swept them off the field, all off.

SOLDIER: That's right. I wish we could do that.

WILLIE: They are all dead.

Others laugh, which abashes the little boy, so his uncle takes pains to continue the talk with him seriously.

SOLDIER: That's too bad. We do not like it when we kill the Johnnie Rebs.

WILLIE: Why not? I'd like to kill them all.

THE BROTHER: A good thing it would be if every one of the accursed rebs were dead.

SOLDIER: No, Ned. That's because you do not know them. (Sitting up). That is the abolition and the secession of it. You who stay at home feel only the controversy. We who go to the front, Yanks and Johnnie Rebs, get to be good friends, and—

BROTHER: Look what they have done to you!

SOLDIER: Yes, but—

BROTHER: And thereby to all of us, to your mother, to—. And we are in the right! No question!

DOCTOR: Now, boys, you are beginning to get too excited.

SOLDIER: I will not get excited, Doctor. Ned does not understand. Just let me tell him. (The Doctor shakes his head). Well,—

DOCTOR: Don't argue with him, Ned. It will be better for me to let him get it off of his mind. Alright, Tom, just quietly.

SOLDIER: We have the right of it, Ned. I have shown I believe that. Slavery must be abolished and the Union must be preserved, if we all die for it! You, Ned, who stay at home and work, do just as much for the Country as we, but you do not get to know the other fellows, the Southerners, the Johnnie Rebs. They believe in their cause. They believe in it as much as we do in our cause, and they are willing to die for it. In battle, when there is a lull in the fighting and the bugle sounds "Cease Firing" we get together in between the lines. We are good friends, for we respect each other as men willing to die for their beliefs.

He sinks back in the chair exhausted. His mother smooths his head. The doctor gives him a smell of salts. The brother quietly helps the others in trying to get his mind on other things.

SOLDIER: War is horrible, but there is also the fellowship.

He half turns toward the field and stretches out his arm and points.

SOLDIER: See! Hear!

SISTER: Oh, doctor. Shall we not take him into the house at once.

DOCTOR: It is just excitement, a little fever. If we do not oppose him, it will soon pass.

SOLDIER: Hark! The call to Advance! On both sides! (The bugles are heard on either side sounding the Advance. Soldiers in blue appear on one side at a distance, and soldiers in grey on the other side stretched out in skirmish line). Commence Firing! Ah, now is the hard part! But it is for the cause. (The bugles sound Commence Firing on both sides. The skirmishers begin firing. They run up upon each other, sometimes one side having a little the advantage, sometimes the other. The firing sounds distant and imaginative. There appears the flag of the Union in the woods for a moment, and down among the other trees the Stars

and Bars of the Confederacy. There is a rush forward by one side, which is checked). There it is, the Cease Firing! (The bugles sound the Cease Firing. The firing stops. Soldiers on either side stand up in their places. Some go forward into the middle space and greet each other. They exchange tobacco and coffee from their canteens). See! Do you see!

DOCTOR: Yes, Tom.

MOTHER: We understand, Tom.

SOLDIER: I am glad. (He sinks back more quietly). Yanks and Johnnie Rebs, we who face each other know that "Life is a thing to die for" and so in all the death and agony there is the fellowship, the Fellowship of War. Again, they Commence Firing! (The bugles again sound Commence Firing. There is a hurried return to their positions, care to give all a chance to get to cover and then the firing begins again, for but a moment). Retire! (The bugles sound Retire on both sides. The soldiers, the Blue and the Grey, disappear back into the woods on either side). The soldier is quiet as if satisfied). I am tired.

DOCTOR: Yes, my boy. It would be well for you to get into the house now.

SOLDIER (a little excited again): Did you see? Did you all see? And when the War is over,—sometime,—we shall all be marching together again under the same flag, the Star and Stripes! It will be hard for the Johnnies to give up the Bars. But the Stars and Stripes are not the flag of the North, but of the North and the South. And we will march together! In the Fellowship of Peace!

The soldier suddenly lifts his hands, listening intently. He hears the music playing at one and the same time the Battle Hymn of the Republic and Dixie. Far down the road through the trees are seen the soldiers marching, Blue and Grey together, the Stars and Stripes flying over their heads in the breeze. They turn and disappear into the woods, the music gradually dying away.

The Soldier sits quietly in the chair. His mother leans over and kisses him. The brother at a sign from the Doctor pushes the chair out, the family following. Again, very faint and far away is heard the music playing the two songs, the song of the North and the song of the South together.

Episode 9: The Contented Life

(1890-1900)

An automobile drives down through the field and stops. In it are a family of summer people, consisting of the father and mother and several young people. The father is driving.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Well, isn't this delightful!

MRS. SOMERVILLE: It is indeed! I'm glad we came down here. I should like to spend the whole summer on the Cape if it is all as nice as this!

YOUNG SOMERVILLES: So should I! So should I! Let's eat lunch here! (They get out lunch basket).

MR. SOMERVILLE: Fine roads! As good roads as any in the state,—so far at any rate. All the way from Boston and down to Falmouth.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: Well, I do not see what Harper's Weekly was thinking of, saying the Cape was nothing but a long spit of sand and that the only way to travel was with a horse and buggy.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Oh that was written by some fellow that had never been on the Cape in his life. All he knew about Cape Cod he got out of Thoreau's book about the sand-dunes at the other end, around Provincetown, in 1849.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: I think they ought to correct a statement like that!

MR. SOMERVILLE: Well, children, got something to eat?

The family begin eating their picnic lunch. Two men in hunting clothes come down through the field toward the water. Mr. Somerville as they approach starts forward, then stops. They look up.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Oh! I almost thought at first I knew you. Your faces looked familiar. But I was mistaken. I beg your pardon.

MR. CLEVELAND: Certainly. We did not intend to intrude. We were just going down here to get into our boat.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Not at all; no intrusion, I assure you. The duck shooting is good here?

MR. CLEVELAND: Excellent. My friend here and I go out together often.

MR. SOMERVILLE: This is the first time I have been on the Cape. You have been here a good deal?

MR. JEFFERSON: Oh yes. We have both of us been here a long time.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Are you natives of Cape Cod? Excuse my asking, but we are so greatly attracted to this whole region.

MR. JEFFERSON: No, we are not natives, but we both of us feel as if we were.

MR. CLEVELAND: I was born in New Jersey. I come to the Cape for a short time every summer to throw off the worries of work among old friends.

MR. SOMERVILLE: I was certain I knew you both, but I see that I do not.

MR. JEFFERSON: No, that is always the way. Nobody knows me. (He whistles). If my dog Snyder was here he'd know me. (Mr. Cleveland laughs; Mr. Somerville looks puzzled).

MR. CLEVELAND: There's our boat. Good day sir!

The two go on down to the shore. Another man comes along in the water in a row boat; they leisurely get in and start off on their hunting trip. A man comes up along the road by the water. Mr. Somerville greets him.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Good afternoon. I wonder if you can tell me who those two men are who have just got into that boat.

RICHARD BOURNE: Don't you know who they are?

MR. SOMERVILLE: No. Their faces look so familiar—

RICHARD BOURNE: Why of course. Most likely every one knows them! That's President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson.

MR. SOMERVILLE (turning around to the family): Mary, that was President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. Of course they looked familiar! (General laugh).

RICHARD BOURNE: Yes, the President lives down that way about a mile, and Mr. Jefferson lives over there.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Many summer people down here?

RICHARD BOURNE: Getting to be quite a lot of them; coming more and more.

MR. SOMERVILLE: What does land sell for in this neighborhood?

RICHARD BOURNE: Thinking of coming down? Like to buy a nice place?

MR. SOMERVILLE: Possibly.

RICHARD BOURNE: Well, you can get a nice place very reasonable.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: What do milk and eggs cost here?

RICHARD BOURNE: Oh you can get fine milk and fresh eggs for no more than you pay in Boston.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: How much?

RICHARD BOURNE: Well, I guess you can get milk for 11c a quart.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: That's more than we pay in Boston.

RICHARD BOURNE: You see there are so few cows, and so many people that want milk in the summer. It makes the price go up a bit

MRS. SOMERVILLE: And eggs?

RICHARD BOURNE: Oh, we keep hens and we could let you have a few eggs, all you would want for—40c a dozen.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: I have already got a better price than that.

RICHARD BOURNE: Not around here.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: Yes, around here. I was asking prices, in case we thought of coming down here and buying a place. 38!

RICHARD BOURNE: Well, I should hardly have thought you would get eggs, real fresh eggs for any better than 40c. But maybe we might be able to shade the price some. 38? I would see if I could let you have eggs for—37c.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Why do you charge so much? I have bought Cape eggs in Boston for 35c; and you ask 37 and 40c.

RICHARD BOURNE: Well, we have to make enough in the summer to last us the rest of the year.

A motor-boat goes at good speed up the water. They all stop to watch it.

RICHARD BOURNE: That's Mr. Ogden, a New York man; summers over here. Now I sell him eggs, for his table, for 45c. He likes to feel that he is getting a strictly first class article.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: And he can feel so,—at that price.

RICHARD BOURNE: Oh yes. He does. Well, he prefers to pay for what he gets, and—

MR. SOMERVILLE: And you prefer it too.

RICHARD BOURNE: We have to make what we can when we can.

There's no money to be made the rest of the year, only in the summer; and competition is very sharp.

MR. SOMERVILLE: With a good market at hand, I should think you would try to co-operation.

RICHARD BOURNE: No. We tried that. There was a man who wanted a lot of the rest of us to come in with him and raise the prices, but all he was after was to get us to quote high prices, and then, who knows, he might cut his price himself. No sir!

MR. SOMERVILLE: What is your chief source of income the other nine months?

RICHARD BOURNE: There is no other chief source of income. There is no farming on the Cape. The soil is sandy. Everyone knows that. A few fish down Provincetown and Truro, but nothing like what there used to be. Why, Cape Cod used to send out more sea-captains than any locality on the Atlantic coast. Did you know that?

MRS. SOMERVILLE: Indeed! More than any other locality!

RICHARD BOURNE: Oh yes! And when they retired from the sea, they would settle down here on the Cape and live comfortably on their savings.

MRS. SOMERVILLE: What a contented life they must have led!

RICHARD BOURNE: Yes, the summer people are the Cape's great asset now. People like Cleveland and Jefferson come here. There are a great many wealthy people come here for the summer, and more come every year. They like it. It is beautiful, good roads, fine air,—everything. This is the natural recreation spot of New England! They pay for what they get, and as you said, they are contented.

MR. SOMERVILLE: And you are contented too.

RICHARD BOURNE: Oh yes, we are contented. Well, people like it here, everyone does.

The motor-boat returns, and some small pleasure boats sail up the water. They all watch them for a moment with delight. The young people pack the baskets and all are ready to go on.

MR. SOMERVILLE: Good day sir.

RICHARD BOURNE: Now if you think of coming, buying a place on the Cape, I should like to show you one or two nice little places, just what you would want, fine water view and all, that you would find very reasonable. You would like it.

MR. SOMERVILLE: I'll remember. I should be quite content here on the Cape, I am sure; and I know I should like it. I do like it.

RICHARD BOURNE: Well, you see how it is. Good day!

MR. SOMERVILLE: Good-day!

The automobile drives off the way it had come. Richard Bourne continues on his way. President Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson come back, land from their boat and walk back carrying a fine brace of ducks and a string of fish.

Interlude III: Fortune

A number of people come in from various directions, interested in different kinds of summer work and recreation. All are for the most part acting independently of each other, and there is much duplication. Upon this contented country scene comes Fortune, heralded by her motif from the orchestra, through the scrub oak and pine directly in front and parting the branches before her. She presents a figure of gold from head to foot; she wears a golden helmet befitting her power of aggression, and a golden veil with which she can shroud herself entirely from sight and ward off with hauteur the approaches of those who would too hastily or unworthily come to her. Fortune comes forward a short distance and stands in gracious but majestic, and commanding pose inviting the people to come all together to her.

The response is various and only individual. Many of the younger people see her and are greatly attracted, but more as if by surprise and curiosity. They call the attention of others of the young people and of the older people to her, but they are stupid and incredulous, can see nothing and with a superior laugh go on with their plodding kind of work. Before the curious, almost impudent gaze of some of these and the rebuff of the disbelief of the others, that she has any relation to them, Fortune shows herself piqued, draws herself up very erect and haughtily covers herself with her veil, so that she loses her human shape and becomes simply an inanimate pillar of gold. Curiosity and justified incredulity are the only results. In a moment Fortune again reveals herself and extends her arms in a welcoming summons to the people. Again there is no response. Once more she hides herself and again reveals herself to them.

This time the cranberry pickers, grown people and children, scattered over the field, come together before her and in a sincere but frank and self-reliant way make offering to her of what they have and ask assistance and return.

The other people still stand off separate and aloof. Fortune indicates to the cranberry people that they must get together and unite their fortunes. As they respond to her guidance she shows in a dance her joy and her lavish generosity. They all bring their bushels, their

baskets and their picking pails of cranberries, even the little children, and pile them together before her. Then she joins them in hand and leads them, as she dances before them, in and out of the woods and into the field beyond, whence they continually bring more and more of the cranberries which they joyfully add to the others, piling them up in praise of Fortune.

The other people are impressed with the prosperity of their cranberry neighbors and a number of them come forward, individually, to beseech her favor. She repels them however, will have nothing to do with them as they try one to get ahead of another. At first this causes jealousy among them against the favored cranberry people. They on the other hand go out among them and persuade them to get together assuring them that if they do so Fortune will grant her favor to them all.

At last persuaded and led by the cranberry people they all unite and come up before Fortune bringing with them what they have to place before her. Instantly with ecstatic majesty Fortune throws back her concealing, forbidding veil and welcomes them into her community life. Again she dances, leading them, one great jolly romping family in among the trees and out again. Ever as they return to the open they bring stores of prosperity, farm produce or equipment, live stock of all kinds, everything of the substance of their lives, which they gather together before her in one great picture of their welfare. At the height of her dance, Fortune mounts upon the piles of produce as upon a pyramid of prosperity and stands there in one majestic moment of triumph and of blessing,—then turns and vanishes in among the trees whence she came. To a closing repeat in the music the people joyously carry off their produce and lead off their animals through the trees behind them in the same way that Fortune has gone.

Episode 10: The New Cape

During the dance of Fortune, L. B. Boston of the Faunce Demonstration Fram, P. C. Headley, Jr. of New Bedford and Higginson Winthrop of Boston with several ladies come in and watch the latter part of the dance. As it closes, Mr. Boston turns around to the others and says.

MR. BOSTON: Some years ago, in 1914, when the Pageant was given on this very spot, this dance of Fortune was regarded as a purely imaginative dream.

MR. HEADLEY: Now people who know the Cape consider it simply a plain matter of fact representation of the conditions here.

MR. WINTHROP: You do not say so! Why have I not been down here before! Of course I have been down on the Cape,—often,—but I have never really known the Cape. I thought I did, but the spirit is so hearty, so care-free!

MR. HEADLEY: It is the difference between co-operation and competition. It affects the whole atmosphere; you feel it in every person you meet from Middleboro to Provincetown.

MR. BOSTON: In the old days before the Cape Cod Board of Trade was started and every body on the Cape got together there was so much distrust and suspicion, though people did not realize that was what it was. In the days of competition a man made headway by getting the advantage of someone else.

MR. HEADLEY: Under co-operation one makes headway by plain good business, nothing else, making a first class product or raising a first class crop and selling it at a fair and honest price.

MR. WINTHROP: I see; I see! Co-operation guarantees business and takes the burden of worry off of men's shoulders, spreading a happy spirit over the whole community, men, women and children. Life is, as it should be, a festival after all. That was logical theory, certainly, but I never dreamed that I should see it realized, above all so close to home.

A farmer with some of his family come on the way to a garden patch. At the same time along the road comes Milton S. Rose of the Harwich Agricultural School driving a wagon.

MR. ROSE: How are you, Mr. Capron! How are the cabbage and berries doing?

MR. BOSTON: That man, Capron, has been rather slow in taking advantage of the experience of scientific agriculture.

MR. WINTHROP: Who's the man in the wagon?

MR. BOSTON: He's Rose of the Harwich Agricultural School. They teach agriculture in the high school there.

MR. HEADLEY: They ought to in every town.

MR. CAPRON: No, as I said, they aren't doing well a bit. I might as well say so straight out. What would you advise me to do, Mr. Rose?

MR. ROSE: I think it likely that you need just what we are doing around Harwich,—overhead irrigation. You want a steady even supply of moisture all over the plant, leaves and roots both. As it is, your plant is either baked by our dry times or drowned by uneven special watering.

MR. CAPRON: That's about the truth. And in either case the plant dies. But how does this overhead irrigation work?

MR. ROSE: I'll show you. We have acres and acres of it at Harwich and have more than doubled our crops. I have a set of the pipes in my wagon, that I am taking to a little place I have myself up here. We'll put it up. Give me a hand with it.

Mr. Rose sets up a section of overhead irrigation and turns on the water, which beautifully and evenly moistens the plants within its range. .

MR. HEADLEY: See that! Now under competition Mr. Rose's interests as a teacher and as a farmer would conflict, for the worse the other fellow does the better for him.

MR. BOSTON: Under co-operation the welfare of one is the welfare of all.

During this some children come along in groups on their way to school. They stop on their way and from a lunch basket take each a few eggs which they give to a young girl who gathers them into a larger basket and marks a slip of paper each child presents.

MR. BOSTON: You know the Forestdale Eggs? Marston has them in Boston.

MR. WINTHROP: Yes, I have eaten them there. He charges a little more for them and they are worth it.

MR. BOSTON: This is where they come from. On every egg is stamped "Forestdale Guaranteed Eggs" with the name of the individual who brought it to the marketing centre of the Egg Circle. No one of these people back in the woods could raise enough eggs to market profitably, but together they make a steady supply of a first class egg at a good price.

MR. WINTHROP: Now, what is your work, Mr. Boston? You go over the whole Cape as an advisory agriculturist, is that right?

MR. BOSTON: Yes, that's right. I do now, since the increased endowment of the Faunce Farm. Before that I was tied down pretty close to the Farm at Sandwich. Now I can do a great deal more for the Farmers all over the Cape.

MR. HEADLEY: I have been watching conditions here very closely, and within a year from that increased endowment for the Faunce Farm there was an appreciable improvement in the farm conditions and products of a number of parts of the Cape.

MR. WINTHROP: Why do you keep so close a watch of conditions? New Bedford is not on the Cape.

MR. HEADLEY: We think it is. New Bedford is the nearest and best market for most of the Cape produce.

MR. BOSTON: As things are now, we people of the Cape produce a larger quantity and better quality of produce than ever before, and the co-operative marketing enables us to get much more profit. We sell to advantage and save all we used to spend and lose in competition. Co-operation checks waste.

MR. WINTHROP: There is some waste.

In the woods a forest fire has started. The alarm of "Fire" is given. People gather quickly from all directions bringing the proper apparatus and put out the fire, which has spread quite rapidly, according to the most effective methods advocated by the State Fire Warden. Among those who respond promptly to the alarm and do good service are some Boy Scouts. When the fire is out these gather together at one side near the Canal and wig-wag messages to people at a distance. Mr. Ellinwood, who has been with the Boy Scouts leaves them and comes down to join the group. Mr. Boston introduces him.

MR. BOSTON: Mr. Ellinwood, the County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scout Commissioner. They go together with Mr. Ellinwood.

MR. WINTHROP: Some of your boys did heroic service just now.

MR. ELLINWOOD: I am glad you noticed it. That is what the Boy Scouts is for, to train boys into heroism and manliness. And there are some of the Camp Fire Girls.

MR. HEADLEY: The Camp Fire Girls is doing an extraordinary amount to carry the old tradition of fine womanliness down into the changed conditions of the new days.

In another part of the field a number of Camp Fire Girls gather. They are in their ceremonial dresses and greet each other with the sign of the Camp Fire, and proceed with their ceremony.

MR. BOSTON: From the training for heroism the natural step is to heroism itself. The Life Saving man,—he who more than any other really stands for the Cape and always has.

A group of Life Saving men under the lead of J. W. Dalton come hurriedly out to the edge of the water and rescue a man from the top of a mast far across the water.

MR. BOSTON: The whole round of life! Production from the land, economical and generous marketing, the prevention of waste, training in fine active manliness and womanliness, and the saving of life. That is what it all is, the saving of life and of the joy of life.

MR. WINTHROP: But you have not shown me anything about the Cape Cod Board of Trade. What is that? Where is that?

MR. BOSTON: That is our Committee. We all belong to it. Through it we work in anything that calls for united action the Cape over. The Cape Cod Board of Trade started this pageant. It starts all the new things. It is everywhere in all our work, coordinating diverse interests and communities and at the same time preserving the wholesome independence of the individual.

MR. HEADLEY: Look! Hark! What is that?

FINALE: THE GLORY OF AMERICA.

One of the Life Saving men stands back apart from the other people. He raises his hand to attract attention, listening intently.

THE LIFE SAVER: The sea! The sea! The endless voice of the sea!

The orchestra begins to play Ocean music, low and deep, as of the ever-present waters that are under the earth. The Life Saver declaims or intones through the music.

THE LIFE SAVER: And we are children of the sea! We hear its voice!

O thou Ocean, thy vast waters and thy mighty waves surround us, but thee and thy storms we brave! We rescue life and keep it in spite of thee!

And, O thou Ocean of Life, thy limitless seas, the waters of death, surround us, but thee also we brave.

The Life Saver motif sounds out invincibly in the music. As in response to the call, the other Life Saving men gather in their oil-skins and sou'westers around the first, standing by him searching the horizon.

THE LIFE SAVER: Aye, from thy storms, O thou Ocean of Life, do we tear thy secret. Thy waters are waters of life! There is no death! Far out on the distant horizon thy waters gleam in the sunlight!

In the edges of the woods appear the Ocean spirits and the Waters of the Bay, standing there with a slight motion as of the motion of the waves. The music waxes turbulent as though seeking to guard its secret.

THE LIFE SAVER: Rage, O Sea! Rage! From the farthest shores of the past we call those who have gone forth over thy waves before us! They will come in spite of thee, come calling each other, from north and from south, from east and from west, from Time and Eternity, with love for America and love for America's God! (a pause) Hark! They come!

The Life Saver motif sounds out as a trumpet call over all the Oceans of Time. Then there is the sound of the sea again, and rising through it the sound of the gathering of the people of the ages. They pour in, led by the Sand-being bearing their oak and pine branches, singing.

THE CALL OF THE CAPE.

Come o'er the mountain heights of the nation!
Come through the storm-waves tossing the sea!
Out of the past, each strong generation,
Come from the shores of Eternity!

Come from the ships that sail o'er the ocean!
Come from your farms, from your hills' wooded domes!
Come from the factory's creative commotion!
Come from the hearths of the Cape's quiet homes!

Come light the fire of America's glory!
Come sing together hymns in her praise!
Come, round her hearth, repeat the Cape's story,
Wrought by the Hand of the Ancient of Days!

As the people mass in the lower part of the grounds, some of the Life Savers gather wood and build a fire. As the song comes to an end, the sound of approaching horses is heard, which is echoed in the music. All listen. The Life Saver points down the long vista, where is seen America on a white horse, the shield of the United States on her shoulder and the American flag in her hand, attended by Massachusetts and the other New England States. As they approach, all the people of the Pageant burst out with the orchestra into the first stanza of

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

America and the States ride around and take place behind the fire. The Life Saver lights a torch, hands it to America and receives it again from her. He then in America's name lights the com-

munity fire. As it blazes up, America raises the flag high in the air. All kneel and sing kneeling the last, the Prayer stanza of

AMERICA

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

All arise. Then all in heavy massed column march past America and the States in review, marshalled by the Life Saver, and out down the long vista, singing

THE RECESSIONAL HYMN OF CAPE COD

From all the ancient heritage
Of hero-life along our shore,
For all the splendor of our age,
O God, we praise Thee evermore!
Through all her sorrows borne with strength,
Through all her struggles won at length,
We pray Thee, God, exalt Cape Cod!
O God, our God, we hail Thee our God!
All hail! All hail! All hail! Hail!!

O'er the trackless paths of the stormy sea,
O'er the hard-trod roads of toilsome days,
To the Time-swept shores of Eternity
We bear, O God, Thy glorious praise!
Through dangers faced for ocean's yield,
Through toil in orchard and in field,
We pray Thee, God, exalt Cape Cod!
O God, our God, we hail Thee our God!
All hail! All hail! All hail! Hail!!

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